

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: Cyrus H. Curtis, Chairman... DAVID H. SMILEY, Editor... JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

A CALL TO CITIZENS FOR A VICTORY WEEK

Now Is the Time to Begin Planning for a Great Spring Festival to Celebrate the End of the War

SOME time ago in these columns we suggested the inevitableness of a great peace festival in Philadelphia and expressed a hope that it may be lavishly and nobly planned.

Any one who observed the sudden flare of the carnival spirit in the streets, any one who knew how often an ache for somebody far away or a sense of reverent thanksgiving was hidden behind a laugh or a song, must realize that we have not yet celebrated the end of the war as it must be celebrated.

Philadelphia should plan a week of fete and festival and pageantry adequate, with all the aid that money and imagination and the arts can provide, to reflect what was in the minds of all the millions who broke out of all familiar routine and took possession of the streets when the great news of peace came over the cables.

The Governor and Governor-elect of the State and Mayor Smith should at once give their attention to some such plan. We should arrange to celebrate not only the signing of peace treaties, but the end of all warfare.

If there has been any fault with the more elaborate affairs usually planned here and elsewhere in the country it is in a too ardent attention to the sort of formalism which leaves most of the people in the role of mere spectators.

The peace jubilee as it is possible to imagine it now should be in the spring, when the weather makes outdoors inviting. It should be a blaze of color, a tempest of music, a time of good cheer and it should give free play to all the arts of symbolism and all the forces of beauty.

It is not too much to hope that the sort of festival here suggested might be made memorable by the presence of some of the men who, as makers of destiny on French battlefields, are now but great names to America.

A great deal of money would be needed. It ought to be spent lavishly. We ought to put the cleverest architects and composers and artists at work upon the background of the celebration.

Very properly the first day of any great peace festival might be made commemorative of the part played in the war by women. They have been tireless—these mothers and sisters and the Girls They Left Behind Them.

There should be a Day of the Soldiers—for some of them will have returned by spring. There should be a Day of the Allies. The tremendous narrative of Pennsylvania, and especially Philadelphia, industry in the war would provide a theme for another day of majestic symbolism.

All of this is suggestive of a difficult job that would require the systematic direction by clever and imaginative men. It can be achieved. We feel sure that money will be available in plenty and that in addition to what the city may appropriate all citizens, men, women and children, as well as business institutions, would be glad to contribute to make a victory festival in this city an occasion of delight and splendor and lasting significance.

Thrones unquestionably head the list of fall offerings. THE NEXT STEP THAT federation of the world of which the poets and prophets have dreamed has come so near that it is already within the realm of practical politics.

near future to make secure what has been won. The United States and the Allied nations of Europe are already acting as such a league. This needs only to be expanded and its functions defined to make the thing a realization of the vision.

What such a league should be was admirably defined by Doctor Butler, the president of Columbia University, this week when, among other things, he said that the American delegates to the second Hague conference should be called into being, backed by sufficient military power to enforce its decrees.

There is intelligence and wisdom enough in the world to provide against a repetition of this great scourge. The maintenance of armies and navies as a police force for a great international court is the first thing on which there must be agreement.

Prince Axel of Denmark was surprised when he saw the wheels go round at Hog Island.

PHILANTHROPY: ITS MEANINGS IN THE plans made by the late Mrs. Russell Sage for the distribution of her husband's millions to charity and to the purposes of research in the fields of education and sociology, there is an implied challenge to public opinion and one which has unique significance in a day when great social reactions are being brought about by the driving force of circumstances alone.

Mrs. Sage's generosity, like the repeated efforts of others who, by means of endowments, have sought to improve educational methods and to solve the more intricate and painful problems of modern community life, suggests a persistent and general dissatisfaction with existing standards and practices. And there is, in the habit of modern rich men who give their fortunes to charity or to found new and novel institutions of research, a virtual admission that everything isn't as it should be in the codes of the time.

The Sage Foundation has provided great aid and the best sort of constructive criticism for our general educational system. It has done work of immeasurable importance in the revelation of errors in the accepted social adjustments. The Rockefeller Foundation has helped to carry medical and surgical science far forward in America.

So in applauding Mrs. Sage, who after giving away \$35,000,000 during her lifetime has provided, in a will just opened, for the distribution of \$35,000,000 more to help educational and charitable works, we applaud an admirable and generous spirit. But at the same moment we tacitly admit the inability of our own administrative system to meet the needs of the period.

Critics, may rate other statues than that of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde foremost in externals of beauty. But freed of its mourning weeds of forty-seven years, there is no piece of sculpture on earth whose spiritual quality is so exquisitely radiant today.

Reports from all over the United States show that the volume of mail fell off when the Huns surrendered. We can but suppose that the volunteer assistants to the President took a day off.

After the glitter and extravagance of his existence in Berlin, the former Emperor of Germany probably feels that a count's chateau in Holland is little better than a dugout.

The Crown Prince is said to be literally a dead one. On the ground of novelty, however, this report makes virtually no appeal.

The automobiles had no monopoly of being tired in Philadelphia on the second day of peace.

Those who once prophesied that the Allies would have a walkover are being justified. That interesting act will be performed along the Rhine.

Whether it is built on the Parkway or not, there will be a war monument somewhere in Philadelphia that will adequately commemorate the victory and the sacrifice.

The work or fight rule is repealed. Now if some one could only make a rule which would force the idlers to work it would be easier to fill the vacancies in every big industrial plant.

ELBOW ROOM

Thanksgiving for Having Overslept TODAY, my friends, I overslept! And woke at half-past eight; I reached the office where I'm kept About two hours late.

I worked all morning breakfastless, Made my digestion grievous, The boss, unless I miss my guess, Has thunder up his sleeve.

But I'm glad I was indolent! The memory still glows— Life cannot steal that increment Of sweet unearned repose!

What though the time-clock will deduct Two hours? It will be cheap— The whole damned universe I bucked And got a raise of sleep!

Congratulations to Eysden It is agreeable to contemplate the Kaiser, shut up in his special train at Eysden station with the blinds carefully drawn, changing from uniform into civilian garments. It is said that there were fifty-one persons in his party, and a happy little family they must have been.

It saddens us to remember that we passed through Eysden once and never suspected what an important place it would be. It was in the summer of 1912. We had bicycled from Basel, alone, northward through Alais and Lorraine, meeting several unpleasant attentions from the German army on the way.

We had heard much argument about conditions in Alsace and Lorraine and conflicting reports as to the success of the Kaiser's Germanizing regime. Some had told us that the provinces were really becoming resigned to Hohenzollern rule. Others had insisted that they would always be French at heart.

We reached Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) one fine morning in August. We had intended to go from there to Liege and Namur, thence across to Waterloo and Brussels. But when we got out of Aix our plodding public was met by a terrific head wind, blowing without let-up from the southwest.

But that wind was now behind us and we bustled on. We crossed the Meuse at Maastrecht and got into Belgium. We spent that night at a little inn at Hasselt, sorting out the miscellaneous chowder of German, French, Belgian, Dutch and counterfeited small change that had accumulated in our jeans.

Eysden will always be gratefully remembered as the town where Wilhelm changed into civilian clothes. We wonder whether a discarded heap of uniforms and epaulettes was found lying by the railway track after he had gone on to Velp? And where did he leave Gott?

An Embarrassing Guest Of course, hospitality is a sacred virtue and all that, but we can't help wondering what "the Kaiser's old friend Count Bentinck" thinks about that little visit at his country place?

Probably Bentinck said, once upon a time in the bad old days, "Do drop in on us some time, quite without ceremony." It shows the danger of giving promiscuous invitations that one never expects will be accepted.

We hope that, in case of accidents, the Kaiser's pocket memorandum book contains some identification data, such as the following: My name—Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Residence—Downdraft Apartments, Velp, Holland.

Business address—Care of Liebknecht, Harden & Co., Berlin. Home telephone—Exlie 2300. Office telephone—(Formerly) Potsdam 1099. In case of emergency notify Karl Rosner, Stockholm, or Woodrow Wilson, Washington, D. C.

Distinctive markings—Permanent bruise on chest from wearing Iron Cross. Number of my bankbook—I forget. No longer in my possession. My height—Five feet ten, in my crown. Size of my crown—Too large for me.

All this talk in the papers about the difference between French time and American time has brought home to us the sad fact that when the world comes to an end our European friends will have had about six more hours' life than we will.

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!



WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

Semiregular Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians

By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, Nov. 13. THE recent death of John A. Leslie, a Philadelphia wool merchant, who lived at the Union League, recalls the earlier efforts to obtain a foothold in Pennsylvania for William McKinley, of Ohio, as a presidential candidate.

Leslie had gone to school with McKinley and had watched him grow. When it began to look as if McKinley would have a chance, he, together with Michael J. Brown and several other ardent protectionists, started a McKinley League among the wool men at Front and Walnut streets and gave notice that McKinley was their choice.

McKinley was not a member of the Young Men's Republican Protective League, in which Ephraim Rieg, of Germantown; John S. Stewart, of Kensington; and Martin S. Lezer were active spirits, held a meeting at the Academy of Music, and although opposed by the Quay element, started a real McKinley boom.

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Germany is in as big a hurry to begin peace negotiations as she was to start the war. He is now at the right hand of Rear

TO OUR CAPTAIN

April 7, 1917

SILENT Captain of our ship of state, Facing the bridge incessant, thy calm eye Pierceth the mists and knoweth the chart whereby We sail through perilous seas inviolate. We roll in cabins or, impatient, wait On deck and, hapless, ask for reasons why. And criticize and argue and rage, Discussing petty things in sage debate. Give us, our Captain, of thy equipage, That we may know our duty and the right. That we may quell this madness which destroys All that we love and hope from times to come; Then bring us, clean of hand, in conscience white, Safe into port, to peace once more, and home.

November 11, 1918

OUR Captain, lonely, watching through the night Of storm, wilt hast thou steered the ship of state Through giant seas, crashing an ocean's weight, Flooding the decks. Thy ever-searching sight Has seen beyond the turbid rack in flight To freedom's dawn. Now other ships await Thy pilotage with all their precious freight. Tossing as yet, but in the morning's light. The storm is past, the sky is streaked with gold. Yet broken craft bespatter the swollen sea. And labor for the haven helplessly. The whole world trusts thee, even as of old We trusted Washington, to shape and mold The plinth and column of our liberty. F. E. SCHELLING.

It is in a way soul-satisfying to learn that Berlin is "all red." Is she blushing for her infamies at last?

The German deputies who sobbed over the armistice terms were evidently unable to decry anything but the harm in the harmony of their foes. Dried eyes will ultimately bring a clearer vision.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Of how many classes is the armistice composed? 2. Where is Alexandria, which the Franco-British forces have just occupied? 3. Who wrote the German "Hymn of Hate"? 4. Against what nation did Germany first declare war in 1914? 5. Who was Chancellor of Germany at that time? 6. Who was the captain of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line? 7. What German statesman characterized the Treaty of Compiègne as a "scrap of paper"? 8. How many days did the war endure? 9. What was the treaty under which, until her surrender, Germany oppressed Rumania? 10. To what political party does Friedrich Ebert, the new German Chancellor, belong?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. President Wilson will be sixty-two years old on December 28. 2. The armistice is said to have been signed at Compiègne, southwest of Compiègne, France. 3. Cardinal Helfferich was the courier who took the armistice terms to the German grand headquarters. 4. Horrel is an acid-leaved herb prepared for the last summer after the fashion of spinach. It is also used in soup. 5. Glasgow is on the Clyde River. 6. Lewis's army, surrendered to Grant at Appomattox in 1865, numbered about 48,000 men. 7. Sir John Tenniel drew the famous Punch cartoon, "Dropping the Plot," at the time of the Kaiser's breach with Prince Bismarck. 8. The Battle of New Orleans was fought on August 6, 1815. 9. Jean Ribbles, the stified modern composer, is a Fleming. 10. Queen Victoria's husband was Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.